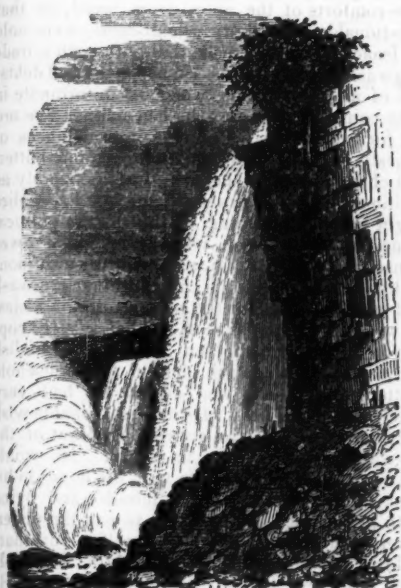


THE ROVER: A DOLLAR WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE OF THE WINDS AT NIAGARA FALLS.

From Orr's Pictorial Guide to Niagara Falls.

You approach the foot of the cataract, and look up at the high overhanging cliff, the Terrapin Rocks, almost poised upon the dizzy brink, and the far-falling torrent, that comes plunging down, dashed to foam and spray on the huge masses of lime-stone, that lie heaped around, having evidently been torn from the verge of the precipice, far above you. A splendid, though but partial, view of the British Fall may be obtained from the rocks at the river-margin below. About three-fourths of that sublime cascade, is then directly before you, stretching from Table Rock, across the heaving and foaming sea of agitation, which it walls with a flashing flood, in its huge and gigantic proportions. From the point just above you, the water falls in white, fleecy, incoherent columns, like tumbling masses of fresh-formed snow; light, feathery, and fanciful in its changing shapes, and lovely in its fleeting descent as a fairy dream of delight. If the wind is favorable, you can pass some distance behind the sheet, and feel the sublimity of a scene, that sets description at defiance, and fills the soul with emotion.

From these displays of beauty and wonder, retrace your steps to the Biddle Staircase, and, leaving that behind you, pass on to the Central Fall. If not in too much haste, descend the sloping bank to the Lower Fishing Rock—as a lime-stone mass, at the lowest point of the island-shore,

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is called—from whence the best view of the American Fall is presented, that can be anywhere obtained, unless, perhaps, from the river directly in front of it. The whole beautiful cascade hangs like a flashing curtain of shifting snow-wreaths before you, waving in fleecy folds, and pillared by downy columns of the softest, clearest white; around and over all of which, a genial glory seems to float, bright and pure as the hope and faith of an angel choir. The scene is lovely beyond all conception. Nothing on earth can compare in that respect with the American Fall, as seen from this spot. Vast as it is, you do not observe its size; lofty as it is, you take no note of its height; august as it is, you scarcely perceive its grandeur; its surpassing loveliness, and transcendent beauty, alone seem to engage your attention. Finally, however, all these become blended together, and you begin to realize the majesty, as well as the loveliness; the sublimity, as the beauty of this incomparable cascade, and to feel that the power as well as the goodness of the Divine Architect, has here its lasting and visible impress. Long will that glorious scene live in your memory, hallowed by the recollection of a holy rapture, and an earnest worship.

Reascend the sloping bank to the Central Fall, and the Cave of the Winds is before you. At the entrance you pause to look up at the projecting cliff and sparkling torrent that shoots off far above, falling far over, and far below you; and down at the piles of rock heaped up around, and the foam and spray springing to light and loveliness from the rock-wave concussion. The mightiest throes give birth to the most beautiful things; and thus the rainbow was born of the deluge.

You are on the steps descending into the cavern. The majesty, the sublimity of the scene, cannot escape your notice, and you will feel what I found it impossible to express. A wall of rock rises frowning on one side; the falling sheet arches the other. You see it leap from the cliff far above, and lash the rocks far below. You seem between two eternities, with a great mystery before you, whose secrets are about to be revealed. What a moment is this! From the vast cavern into which you are passing, comes the sound of a thousand storms. You hear the mad winds raging around the walls of their imprisonment, and mingling their fearful roar with the reverberating thunders of the cataract! The spray falls thick around you, and, almost overpowered with intense emotion, you hasten on, descend the steps, reach the bottom, instinctively retire from the rushing waters, and, having gained the centre and back of the cave, pause to look around. You seem all eyes, all ears, all soul! You are in the sublime sanctuary of Nature; her wonderful and fearful mysteries are above, beneath, and around you. God is Infinite! you are nothing; this is His temple, you are His wor-

shipper! It is impossible in such a place to be irreverent. The proudest, here is meek; the haughtiest, humble; and the loftiest, lowly. The sights and sounds that crowd upon your gaze and fill your ears, will be remembered to the latest day of your life; nor will the emotions that swell your bosom, and thrill your very soul, be ever forgotten.

The Cave of the Winds has long been known, and by that name, than which none can be more appropriate. In 1834 it was first entered by Messrs. White and Sims, residents of the village, who landed from a boat at the foot of Prospect Island, and from thence effected an entrance, though with much difficulty. Since that time it has been occasionally penetrated by the same approach; but it was not until recently that a safe and easy passage was thrown open to the traveler; and for this advantage the public is indebted to the liberality and enterprize of Judge Porter. It is now free to all who choose to explore its solemn shades.

This cave has sometimes been called "Ingraham's Cave," but the propriety of that name is very questionable; and even were it not, the gentleman most interested in the subject, "solemnly protests" against it. The appellation by which it is generally known, "Cave of the Winds," is much more suitable, and this name it will beyond all doubt retain. It is about one hundred feet wide, thirty feet deep, and over one hundred and thirty feet high. The bottom is composed of loose stones or shale, which have fallen from above, and slopes gradually down to the front, where it terminates in a precipice thirty-four feet high from the water's edge. The sheet of water on one side, and the projecting rock on the other, form a natural and noble arch, combining every element of sublimity. The thick spray rolls along the floor, curls up the arching wall, and flies across the ceiling in ceaseless revolutions, keeping the air in constant agitation, and adding the roar of many winds to the echoing thunders of the cataract. It is a sublime and awful place—a fit temple of Jehovah! No language can describe, no tongue express, and no pen record the solemnity, the grandeur, the sublimity of the scene, or the emotions which it excites.

Between the Central and American Falls, and at the foot of Prospect Island, there is a narrow vacant space, bounded and almost overarched by the tumbling torrent, from which grand views are presented of these two cascades—that of the latter is particularly fine. Here you may rest yourself, or ramble over the huge rocks, in the pure air, with the bright river and the blessed sky before you, and the dark rock above; and then pass under the American sheet as far as you desire or dare. It is a frightful place, overwhelming in its gloom, grandeur and sublimity; and there be few who have ventured far, though it is supposed possible to pass quite through and under the entire vast cascade. Returning, ascend the Biddle Staircase, to the bank above; here rest yourself a short time, and then, proceeding up the river, make the circuit of the island. Feast your eyes again as you pass the Horse-shoe Fall, upon its wondrous majesty and beauty; take another look, if you desire it, from the Terrapin Rocks, Tower and Bridge, and then re-ascend the bank.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TILL.

BY DOUGLASS JERROLD.

THERE was a man called Isaac Pugwash, a dweller in a miserable slough of London; a squalid denizen of one of the foul nooks of that city of Plutus. He kept a shop; which, though small as a cabin, was visited as granary and store-house by half the neighborhood. All the creature-comforts of the poor—from bread, to that questionable superfluity, small-beer—were sold by Isaac. Strange it was, that with such a trade Pugwash grew not rich. He had many bad debts; and of all shopkeepers, was most unfortunate in false coin. Certain it is, he had neither eye nor ear for bad money. Counterfeit semblances of majesty beguiled him out of bread, and butter, and cheese, and red herring, just as readily as legitimate royalty struck at the mint. Malice might impute something of this to the political principles of Pugwash, who, as he had avowed himself again and again, was no lover of a monarchy. Nevertheless, I cannot think Pugwash had so little regard for the countenance of majesty, as to welcome it as readily when silvered copper as when sterling silver. No, a wild, foolish enthusiast was Pugwash, but in the household matter of good and bad money he had very wholesome prejudices. He had a reasonable wish to grow rich, yet was entirely ignorant of the by-ways and short-cuts to wealth. He would have sauntered through life with his hands in his pockets, and a daisy in his mouth; and dying with just enough in the house to pay the undertaker would have thought himself a fortunate fellow; he was, in the words of Mrs. Pugwash, such a careless, foolish, dreaming creature. He was cheated every hour by a customer of some kind; and yet to deny credit to any body, he would as soon have denied the wife of his bosom. His customers knew the weakness, and failed not to exercise it. To be sure, now and then, fresh from conjugal counsel, he would refuse to add a single herring to a debtor's score; no, he would not be sent to the workhouse by anybody. A quarter of an hour after, the denied herring, with an added small loaf, was given to the little girl, sent to the shop by the rejected mother,—“he couldn't bear to see poor children wanting anything.”

Pugwash had another unprofitable weakness. He was fond of what he called nature, though in his dim, close shop, he could give her but a stifling welcome. Nevertheless, he had the earliest primroses on his counter,—“they threw,” he said, “such a nice light about the place.” A sly, knavish customer presented Isaac with a pot of polyanthes, and, won by the flowery gift, Pugwash gave the donor ruinous credit; the man with wallflowers regularly stopt at Isaac's shop, and for only sixpence, Pugwash would tell his wife he had made the place a Paradise. “If we can't go to nature, Sally, isn't it a pleasant thing to be able to bring nature to us?” Whereupon Mrs. Pugwash would declare, that a man with at least three children to provide for had no need to talk of nature. Nevertheless, the flower-man made his weekly call. Though at many a house, the penny could not every week be spared to buy a hint, a look of nature for the

darkened dwellers about him, Isaac, despite of Mrs Pugwash, always purchased. It is a common thing, an old familiar cry, to see the poor man's florist, to hear his loud-voiced invitation to take his nosegays, his penny-roots; and yet is it a call, a conjuration of the heart of man over-labored and desponding—walled in by the gloom of a town—divorced from the fields and their sweet healthful influences—almost shut out from the sky that reeks in vapor over him;—it is a call that tells him there are things of the earth beside food and covering to live for; and that God in his great bounty hath made them for all men.

Thus considered, the loud-lunged city bawler of roots and flowers becomes a high benevolence, a peripatetic priest of nature. Adown dark lanes and miry alleys he takes sweet remembrances—touching records of the loveliness of earth, that with their bright looks and balmy colors cheer and uplift the dumpish heart of man; that make his soul stir within him, and acknowledge the beautiful. The penny, the ill-spared penny—for it would buy a wheaten roll—that the poor housewife pays for root of primrose, is her offering to the hopeful loveliness of nature; is her testimony of the soul struggling with the blighting, crushing circumstance of sordid earth, and sometimes yearning toward earth's sweetest aspects. Amid the violence, the coarseness, and the suffering that may surround and defile the wretched, there must be moments when the heart escapes, craving for the innocent and lovely; when the soul makes for itself even of a flower a comfort and a refuge.

But I have strayed a little from the history of our small tradesman, Pugwash. Well, sir, Isaac for some three or four years kept on his old way, his wife still prophesying in loud and louder voice the inevitable workhouse. He would so think and talk of nature when he should mind his shop; he would so often snatch a holyday to lose it in the fields, when he should take stock and balance his books. What was worse, he every week lost more and more by bad money. With no more sense than a buzzard, as Mrs. Pugwash said, for a good shilling, he was the victim of those laborious folks who make their money with a fine independence of the state, out of their own materials. It seemed the common compact of a host of coiners to put off their base-born offspring upon Isaac Pugwash; who, it must be confessed, bore the loss and the indignity like a Christian martyr. At last, however, the spirit of the man was stung. A guinea, as Pugwash believed of statute gold, was found to be of little less value than a brass button. Mrs. Pugwash clamored and screamed as though a besieging foe was in her house; and Pugwash himself felt that further patience would be pusillanimity. Whereupon, sir, what think ye Isaac did? Why, he suffered himself to be driven by the voice and vehemence of his wife to a conjuror, who in a neighboring attic was a sidereal go-between to the neighborhood—a vender of intelligence from the stars, to all who sought and duly feed him. This magician would declare to Pugwash the whereabouts of the felon coiner, and—the thought was an anodyne to the hurt mind of Isaac's wife—the knave would be law-throttled.

With sad, indignant spirit did Isaac Pugwash seek Father Lotus; for so, sir, was the conjuror called. He was none of your common wizards. Oh no! he left it to the mere quacksalvers and mountebanks of his craft to take upon them a haggard solemnity of look, and to drop monosyllables, heavy as bullets, upon the ear of the questioner. The mighty and magnificent hocus-pocus of twelvepenny magicians was scorned by Lotus. There was nothing in his look or manner that showed him the worse for keeping company with spirits; on the contrary, perhaps, the privileges he enjoyed of them served to make him only the more blithe and jocund. He might have passed for a gentleman, at once easy and cunning in the law; his sole knowledge that of labyrinthine sentences made expressly to wind poor common sense on parchment. He had an eye like a snake, a constant smile upon his lip, a cheek colored like an apple, and an activity of movement wide away from the solemnity of the conjuror. He was a small, eel-figured man of about sixty, dressed in glossy black, with silver buckles and flowing periwig. It was impossible not to have a better opinion of sprites and demons, seeing that so nice, so polished a gentleman was their especial pet. And then, his attic had no mystic circle, no curtain of black, no death's head, no mummy of apocryphal dragon—the vulgar catch-pennies of fortune-telling trader. There was not even a pack of cards to elevate the soul of man into the regions of the mystic world. No, the room was plainly yet comfortably set out. Father Lotus reposed in an easy chair, nursing a snow-white cat upon his knee; now tenderly patting the creature with one hand, and now turning over a little Hebrew volume with the other. If a man wished to have dealings with sorry demons, could he desire a nicer little gentleman than Father Lotus to make the acquaintance for him? In few words, Isaac Pugwash told his story to the smiling magician. He had, among much other bad money, taken a counterfeit guinea; could Father Lotus discover the evil-doer?

"Yes, yes, yes," said Lotus, smiling, "of course—to be sure; but that will do but little: in your present state,—let me look at your tongue." Pugwash obediently thrust the organ forth. "Yes, yes, as I thought. 'Twill do you no good to hang the rogue; none at all. What we must do is this—we must cure you of the disease."

"Disease!" cried Pugwash. "Bating the loss of my money, I was never better in all my days."

"Ha! my poor man," said Lotus, "it is the benevolence of nature, that she often goes on, quietly breaking us up, we knowing no more of the mischief than a girl's doll when the girl rips up its seams. Your malady is of the perceptive organs. Leave you alone, and you'll sink to the condition of a baboon."

"God bless me!" cried Pugwash.

"A jackass with sense to choose a thistle from a toadstool will be a reasoning creature to you; for consider, my poor soul," said Lotus in a compassionate voice, "in this world of tribulation we inhabit, consider, what a benighted nincom-poop is man, if he cannot elect a good shilling from a bad one."

"I have not a sharp eye for money," said Pugwash modestly. "It's a gift, sir; I'm assured it's a gift."

"A sharp eye! An eye of horn," said Lotus. "Never mind, I can remedy all that; I can restore you to the world and to yourself. The greatest physicians, the wisest philosophers, have in the profundity of their wisdom, made money the test of wit. A man is believed mad; he is a very rich man, and his heir has very good reason to believe him lunatic; whereupon the heir, the madman's careful friend, calls about the sufferer a company of wizards to sit in judgment on the suspected brain, and report a verdict thereupon. Well, ninety-nine times out of the hundred, what is the first question put, as test of reason? Why, a question of money. The physician, laying certain pieces of current coin in his palm, asks of the patient their several value. If he answer truly, why truly there is hope; but if he stammer, or falter at the coin, the verdict runs, and wisely runs, mad—very mad."

"I'm not so bad as that," said Pugwash, a little alarmed.

"Don't say how you are—it's presumption in any man," cried Lotus. "Nevertheless, be as you may, I'll cure you, if you'll give attention to my remedy."

"I'll give my whole soul to it," exclaimed Pugwash.

"Very good, very good; I like your earnestness, but I don't want all your soul," said Father Lotus, smiling—"I want only part of it: that, if you confide in me, I can take from you with no danger. Aye, with less peril than the pricking of a whitlow. Now, then, for examination. Now, to have a good stare at this soul of yours." Here Father Lotus gently removed the white cat from his knee, for he had been patting her all the time he talked, and turned full round upon Pugwash. "Turn out your breeches pockets," said Lotus—and the tractable Pugwash immediately displayed the linings. "Humph!" cried Lotus, looking narrowly at the brown Holland whereof they were made—very bad, indeed; very bad; never knew a soul in a worse state in all my life."

Pugwash looked at his pockets, and then at the conjuror; he was about to speak, but the fixed, earnest look of Father Lotus held him in respectful silence.

"Yes, yes," said the wizard, still eyeing the brown Holland, "I can see it all; a vagabond soul; a soul wandering here and there, like a pauper without a settlement; a ragamuffin soul."

Pugwash found confidence and breath. "Was there ever such a joke?" he cried: "know a man's soul by the linings of his breeches' pockets!" and Pugwash laughed, albeit uncomfortably.

Father Lotus looked at the man with philosophic compassion. "Ha, my good friend!" he said, "that all comes of your ignorance of moral anatomy."

"Well, but Father Lotus—"

"Peace," said the wizard, "and answer me. You'd have this soul of yours cured?"

"If there's anything the matter with it," answered Pugwash. "Though not of any conceit I speak it, yet I think it as sweet and as healthy

a soul as the souls of my neighbors. I never did wrong to anybody."

"Pooh!" cried Father Lotus.

"I never denied credit to the hungry," continued Pugwash.

"Fiddle-de-dee!" said the wizard, very nervously.

"I never laid out a penny in law upon a customer; I never refused small beer to—"

"Silence!" cried Father Lotus; "don't offend philosophy by thus boasting of your weaknesses. You are in a perilous condition; still you may be saved. At this very moment, I much fear it, gangrene has touched your soul: nevertheless, I can separate the sound from the mortified parts, and start you new again as though your lips were first wet with mother's milk."

Pugwash merely said—for the wizard began to awe him—"I'm very much obliged to you."

"Now," said Lotus, "answer a few questions, and then I'll proceed to the cure. What do you think of money?"

"A very nice thing," said Pugwash, "though I can do with as little of it as most folks."

Father Lotus shook his head. "Well, and the world about you?"

"A beautiful world," said Pugwash; "only the worst of it is, I can't leave the shop as often as I would to enjoy it. I'm shut in all day long, I may say, a prisoner to brickdust, herrings, and bacon. Sometimes, when the sun shines, and the cobbler's lark over the way sings as if he'd split his pipe, why then, do you know, I do so long to get into the fields; I do hunger for a bit of grass like any cow."

The wizard looked almost hopelessly on Pugwash. "And that's your religion and business? Infidel of the counter! Saracen of the till! However—patience," said Lotus, "and let us conclude. And the men and women of the world, what do you think of them?"

"God bless 'em, poor souls!" said Pugwash. "It's a sad scramble some of 'em have, isn't it?"

"Well," said the conjuror, "for a tradesman, your soul is in a wretched condition. However, it is not so hopelessly bad that I may not yet make it profitable to you. I must cure it of its vagabond desires, and above all make it respectful of money. You will take this book." Here Lotus took a little volume from a cupboard, and placed it in the hand of Pugwash. "Lay it under your pillow every night for a week, and on the eighth morning let me see you."

"Come, there's nothing easier than that," said Pugwash, with a smile, and reverently putting the volume in his pocket—(the book was closed by metal clasps, curiously chased)—he descended the garret stairs of the conjuror.

On the morning of the eighth day, Pugwash again stood before Lotus.

"How do you feel now?" asked the conjuror, with a knowing look.

"I haven't opened the book—'tis just as I took it," said Pugwash, making no further answer.

"I know that," said Lotus; "the clasps be thanked for your ignorance." Pugwash slightly colored; for to say the truth, both he and his wife had vainly pulled and tugged, and fingered and coaxed the clasps, that they might look upon

the necromantic page. "Well, the book has worked," said the conjuror. "I have it."

"Have it! what?" asked Pugwash.

"Your soul," answered the sorcerer. "In all my practice," he added, gravely, "I never had a soul come into my hands in worse condition."

"Impossible!" cried Pugwash. "If my soul is, as you say, in your own hands, how is it that I'm alive? how is it that I can eat, drink, sleep, walk, talk, do everything, just like any body else?"

"Ha!" said Lotus, "that's a common mistake. Thousands and thousands would swear, aye, as they'd swear to their own noses, that they have their souls in their own possession—bless you," and the conjuror laughed maliciously, "its a popular error. Their souls are altogether out of 'em."

"Well," said Pugwash, "if it's true that you have, indeed, my soul, I should like to have a look at it."

"In good time," said the conjuror; "I'll bring it to your house, and put it in its proper lodging. In another week I'll bring it to you; 'twill then be strong enough to bear removal."

"And what am I to do all the time without it?" asked Pugwash, in a tone of banter. Come," said he, still jesting, "if you really have my soul, what's it like—what's its color; if indeed souls have colors?"

"Green—green as a grasshopper, when it first came into my hands," said the wizard; "but 'tis changing daily. More; it was a skipping, chirping, giddy soul; 'tis every hour mending. In a week's time, I tell you, it will be fit for the business of the world."

"And pray, good father—for the matter has till now escaped me—what am I to pay you for this pain and trouble; for this precious care of my miserable soul?"

"Nothing," answered Lotus, "nothing whatever. The work is too nice and precious to be paid for; I have a reward you dream not of for my labor. Think you that men's immortal souls are to be mended like iron pots, at tinker's price? Oh, no! they who meddle with souls go for higher wages."

After further talk Pugwash departed—the conjuror promising to bring him home his soul at midnight, that night week. It seemed strange to Pugwash, as the time passed on, that he never seemed to miss his soul; that, in very truth he went through the labors of the day with even better gravity than when his soul possessed him. And more; he began to feel himself more at home in his shop; the cobbler's lark over the way continued to sing, but awoke in Isaac's heart no thought of the fields: and then for flowers and plants, why Isaac began to think such matters fitter the thoughts of children and foolish girls, than the attention of grown men, with the world before them. Even Mrs. Pugwash saw an alteration in her husband; and though to him she said nothing, she returned thanks to her own sagacity that made him seek the conjuror.

At length the night arrived when Lotus had promised to bring home the soul of Pugwash. He sent his wife to bed, and sat with his eyes upon the Dutch clock, anxiously awaiting the conjuror. Twelve o'clock struck, and at the

same moment Father Lotus smote the doorpost of Isaac Pugwash.

"Have you brought it?" asked Pugwash.

"Or wherefore should I come?" said Lotus.

"Quick: show a light to the till, that your soul may find itself at home."

"The till!" cried Pugwash; "what the devil should my soul do in the till?"

"Speak not irreverently," said the conjuror, "but show a light."

"May I live for ever in darkness if I do!" cried Pugwash.

"It is no matter," said the conjuror; and then he cried, "Soul, to your earthly dwelling-place! Seek it—you know it." Then turning to Pugwash, Lotus said, "It is all right. Your soul's in the till."

"How did it get there?" cried Pugwash in amazement.

"Through the slit in the counter," said the conjuror; and ere Pugwash could speak again the conjuror had quitted the shop.

For some minutes Pugwash felt himself afraid to stir. For the first time in his life, he felt himself ill at ease—left as he was with no other company save his own soul. He at length took heart, and went behind the counter that he might see if his soul was really in the till. With trembling hand he drew the coffer, and there, to his amazement, squatted like a tailor, upon a crown-piece, did Pugwash behold his own soul, which cried out to him in notes no louder than a cricket's—"How are you? I am comfortable." It was a strange yet pleasing sight to Pugwash, to behold what he felt to be his own soul embodied in a figure no bigger than the top joint of his thumb. There it was, a stark naked thing with the precise features of Pugwash; albeit the complexion was of a yellower hue. "The conjuror said it was green," cried Pugwash; "as I live, if that be my soul—and I begin to feel a strange, odd love for it—it is yellow as a guinea. Ha! ha! Pretty, precious, darling soul!" cried Pugwash, as the creature took up every piece of coin in the till, and rang it with such a look of rascally cunning, that sure I am Pugwash would in past times have hated the creature for the trick. But every day Pugwash became fonder and fonder of the creature in the till; it was to him such a counsellor, and such a blessing. Whenever the old flower-man came to the door, the soul of Pugwash from the till would bid him pack with his rubbish: if a poor woman—an old customer it might be—begged for the credit of a loaf, the Spirit of the Till, calling through the slit in the counter, would command Pugwash to deny her. More: Pugwash never again took a bad shilling. No sooner did he throw the pocket piece down upon the counter, than the voice from the till would denounce its worthlessness. And the soul of Pugwash never quitted the till. There it lived, feeding upon the color of money, and capering, and rubbing its small scoundrel hands in glee as the coin dropt—dropt in. In time, the soul of Pugwash grew too big for so small a habitation, and then Pugwash moved his soul into an iron box; and some time after, he sent his soul to his banker's—the thing had waxed so big and strong on gold and silver.

For some time, it was a growing pleasure to

Pugwash to look at his soul, busy as it always was with the world-buying metals. At length he grew old—very old; and every day his soul grew uglier. Then he hated to look upon it; and then his soul would come to him, and grin its deformity at him. Pugwash died, almost rich as an Indian king—but he died, shrieking in his madness, to be saved from the terrors of his own soul. Sir, 'tis a story true as life. For at this very moment how many thousands, blind and deaf to the sweet looks and voice of nature, live and die with their Souls in a Till?

ORIGIN OF PASSION.

BY C. DONALD M'LEOD.

I HAVE heard that while Jove was preparing my clay,
In his mansion of Ether above,
On some errand of mischief, there happened that way,
That troublesome elf, little Love.

Old Zeus had mixed up, with a good deal of pains,
The materials picked up by chance;
There was some common sense, and a trifle of brains,
And a wonderful deal of romance.

He hadn't quite finished, when Love—with a bowl
Of poison he'd made for his dart,
Well seasoned with sigh of a fanciful soul,
And distilled from a passionate heart—

Came tripping along, with a glee-dimpled face,
And mischievous, mirth-beaming eyes;
And swinging his goblet close up to the place
Where my bardalip in embryo lies.

Now Jove, be it known, had but rough-cast the form,
When Cupid came by with a bowl;
And had, just before polishing, put in a warm,
But quite a respectable, soul.

When Love finding out what the god was about,
Stole silently up to the clay,
And poured every drop of the goblet quite out,
Ere Jove could command him to stay.

Like the flash of the brine, the bright ruby tide
Darted quick through each quivering vein;
And the soul which the current of passion then dyed,
Has never recovered the stain!

THE BROTHERS OF DIJON.

FROM THE FRENCH.

* THE Bishop of Beauvais, having passed the evening at the house of his brother, the President of the Parliament of Dijon, was returning to his hotel or temporary residence in the latter place, when on the threshold, under the light of a few straggling lamps, he saw a stranger of mean appearance, who put a small billet into his hand, and waited respectfully while he looked into it. It was badly spelt and written, but purported to be from a dying woman in great need of spiritual help, and specially desirous to communicate with him at the corner house of the rue St. Madelaine. The bishop knew this street to be situated at no great distance, in an honest though poor suburb, and the requested visit could be attended by no danger. Even if it had, the prelate had enough of benevolent courage to hazard something in his professional duty, and he desired the stranger

to conduct his coachman. Alighting at the entrance of the narrow lane which led to the rue St. Madelaine, the bishop desired his servants to await him there; for though he had too much delicacy to wish parade in his visits of bounty, he also felt that his official station as a public instructor required him to shun all mysterious or questionable acts. Therefore directing his guide to take a flambeau from his lacquey, he followed him to the appointed door, and more particularly noticing the house, observed that its back wall overlooked the garden of a mansion occupied by a family he knew; the family, in short, from which his brother had selected his future wife—THERESE DESHOULIERES, a woman of noted beauty and high pretension. Perhaps this circumstance diverted his ideas so far as to prevent him from remarking the disappearance of his guide when he had unlocked the door, which the bishop entering, found himself in a room very dimly lighted, and without furniture, except a bench on which a woman was sitting. She was muffled in a veil which she drew still closer to her face, but he instantly recognized the air and figure of Therese. She appeared no less dismayed and confounded, though she found courage to accost him—"Ah, my lord!—do not believe that I meet you intentionally; the man who just now brought you, decoyed me here by this forgery"—and she put into his hand a billet which seemed the counterpart of that he had received. It was in the same handwriting, and nearly the same words; but the confusion in the bishop's ideas made him return it in silence. "My servant accompanied me," continued the lady, "and is waiting in the house—surely my lord, you have not devised this scene to afflict me! The people I expected to see were sick and in distress, and I came because I feared nothing from honest poverty." "Therese," said the bishop sorrowfully, "if you had not once feared honest poverty, we need not have feared to meet each other now." The lady wept; and though he began to doubt whether the whole was not a finesse of some feminine purpose, her tears were not without effect. But he did not misplace his confidence in the influence of right habits against sudden impulse; for his thoughts of Therese Deshoulieries had been so long governed and corrected, that this unexpected test did not disorder them. "I have nothing," he added, "to say to my brother's betrothed wife in fear and in secret; nor anything to desire from her, except that ring which she accepted once for a different purpose, and ought not to wear with her husband's." And, as he spoke, he approached to draw the ring from the finger on which he saw it glistening. A dimness came over Therese's eyes; and when it vanished, the bishop was gone, but had not taken the ring from the hand she held out to him. She sat down on the only bench in the room, and wept a long time bitterly and trembling. In a few moments more, she remembered that her servant had been ordered to wait till the clock struck seven before he inquired for her. Her repeater sounded that hour, but Mitand did not appear. She dared not open the door to go alone into the street, but the casement was unbarred, and it looked into her father's garden. She climbed out, and by the help of a few shrubs clinging to the wall, descended in safety, and

made haste to the house, hoping her absence was undiscovered. But Mitand had already reached it, and alarmed her family by saying that he had expected to find his young mistress returned. Therese answered her father's angry questions by stating the simple truth—that she had been induced to visit the poor gardener's widow by a billet begging her immediate presence for a charitable purpose, and had found the little lodge empty of all the furniture; but a young man who called himself her grandson, had requested Therese to wait a few moments while the widow came from her bed in an upper room. Mitand informed his master that he had waited at the door till a man in a gardener's habit bade him return home, as his lady would go by a back way through her father's garden. M. Deshoulières blamed his old servant's careless simplicity, and asked his daughter if no other person had appeared. Therese faltering, and with a failing heart, replied, that a man had entered and demanded her ring; but being informed that her servant was stationed within hearing, had departed without further outrage. This prevarication, so near the truth, yet so fatally untrue, was the impulse of the moment. Therese had never before uttered a falsehood on an important occasion, but her thoughts had been long familiar with the petty finesses of female coquetry; and the step from small equivocations to direct untruth, only required a spur.

To color her evasion, Therese had concealed her ring among the garden shrubs; and professing that she had willingly yielded it to the thief as bribe for his quiet departure, she entreated her father not to make such a trifle the subject of serious investigation. M. Deshoulières, seeing no reason to doubt her sincerity, and fearing that an appeal to the police might compromise her reputation, agreed to suppress the matter. But he communicated it to his intended son-in-law, the president of the provincial parliament, who looked very gravely at the forged billet, and asked a particular description of the ring. Then, as he gallantly said, to atone for her loss, he sent Therese a splendid casket of jewelry, which, with some gratified vanity, she added to the celebrated set she inherited from her mother. A few days after she accompanied him to the church of St. Madelaine, where the bishop, who had visited Dijon for that purpose, performed the nuptial ceremony.

One of the most splendid fetes ever seen in that province distinguished the bridal evening. The president, high in public esteem, and flourishing in fortune, was attended, according to the custom of his country on such occasions, by the principal persons of his own class, and by all his kindred and friends in the neighborhood. The bishop remained in the circle till a later hour than usual, and perhaps with a more than usual effort, because he was aware a few persons in that circle knew the attachment of his youth to Therese. But even his brother did not know that; being a younger son he had been induced, solely for the benefit of his family, to enter the church, and renounce a woman whose pretensions he was conscious were considerably above his honest poverty. Therefore on this occasion he affected, with some little pride, an air of perfect serenity;

and though he had felt his forehead burn and freeze by turns, he knew his voice had never faltered while he pronounced a benediction on the marriage. He was pledging his brother after supper, when cries of fire were heard in the house. The great profusion of gauze ornaments, and slight erections for the ball, made the flames rapid beyond all help. Even the crowd of assistants prevented any successful aid; for the number of timid women covered with combustible finery, and men unfitted by wine for personal exertion, disturbed those who came to be useful. "Is Therese safe?" was everybody's cry, and everybody believed she was, till the outline of a woman, seen among the flames and smoke at her chamber-window, made the spectators redouble their shrieks. The bridegroom would have plunged again into the burning ruins, if his brother had not held him desperately in his arms; but the valet Mitand, who had lived with M. Deshoulières from his daughter's infancy, ran up the remains of the staircase and disappeared. In another instant the roof fell in, and Mitand was seen leaping from a burnt beam alone. He was wrapped in a large blanket which had saved his person, but his neck, hands, and head were hideously scorched. When surrounded, and questioned whether he had seen his mistress? he wrung his hands and shook his head in despair. They understood from his dumb anguish that he had seen her perish, and he remained obstinately sitting and gazing on the ruins till dragged away. The despair of the president was beyond words, and his brother's utmost influence could hardly restrain him from acts of madness. When the unfortunate bride's father deplored the festival which had probably caused its own dismal end, the president declared with a fearful oath, that he knew and would expose the author. From that moment his lamentations changed into a sullen kind of fierceness, and he seemed to have found a clue which his whole soul was bent on. It was soon unfolded by the arrest of a young man named Arnaud, whose conveyance to prison was followed by his citation before the parliament of Dijon as an incendiary and robber. M. Deshoulières gave a private evidence to support these charges; but a day or two preceding that appointed for a public examination, the president went to the intendant of the province and solemnly resigned his chair in the judicial court. "It is not fitting," said he, "that I should be a judge in my own cause, and I only entreat that I may not be summoned as a witness."

The parliament of Dijon assembled with its usual formality, and the Intendant-general of the province was commissioned to act as president on this occasion. The bishop and his brother sat in a curtained gallery, where their persons might not fix or affect the attention of the court: the bereaved father was supported in a chair as prosecutor, and the prisoner stood with his arms coolly folded, and his eyes turned toward his judges.

The first question addressed to him was the customary one for his name.

"You call me," said the prisoner, "and I answer to the name."

"Is it your real name?"

"Have I ever been known by any other?"

"Your true appellation is Felix Lamotte," said the procureur-general—"and I crave permission of the court to remind it that you stood here ten years ago on an occasion not much more honorable."

The *ci-devant* president handed a paper to the procureur, requesting that nothing irrelevant to the present charge might be revived against the prisoner.

"Messieurs," said the public accuser—addressing himself to the judges, "I venture to assert, that what I shall detail is not irrelevant, as it may exhibit the character of the accused, and give a clue to his present conduct. Felix Lamotte is the nephew of a financier well remembered in Dijon, and his prodigality gave such offence that his uncle threatened to disinherit him, and leave his great wealth to his most intimate friend, the president of this court. But he, after repeated intercessions and excuses for this young man, prevailed on the elder Lamotte to forgive him. When the nephew heard his uncle's will read, he found the president distinguished by only a legacy of ten thousand livres, and himself residuary legatee. You expect, messieurs, to hear that Felix Lamotte was grateful to his mediating friend and careful of his unexpected wealth. He appeared to be grateful until he became poor again by his prodigality. Then, finding a flaw in his uncle's will, he came before this tribunal to dispossess his friend of the small legacy he enjoyed, believing that, as heir at law, he might grasp the whole. The president, who had not then reached his present station among our judges, appeared as a defendant at this bar with a will of later date, which he had generously concealed, because the testator therein gave him all, charged only with a weekly stipend to his prodigal nephew. These are the facts which the president desired to conceal, because the ungrateful are never pardoned by their fellow-creatures, nor judged without rigor. We shall see presently how the accused showed his repentance."

"Stop, sir!" said Felix Lamotte, haughtily waving his hand to command silence, "I never did repent. The president created my error by concealing the truth. If, instead of permitting me to rely on a will which had been superseded, he had shown me the last effectual deed of gift, I should have known the narrowness of my rights, and the value of whatever bounty he had extended. He wished to try my wisdom by temptation, and I have mended his, by showing him that temptation is always dangerous."

"What you admit, is truth," rejoined another advocate—"though more modestly would have been graceful. But the bent of your thoughts must have been to meet the temptation." The prisoner answered coldly, "it may be so; and as that accords with the president's metaphysics, let him thank me for the demonstration."

"Where," said the intendant-general, "have you spent the last ten years?"

"Ask the president," retorted Felix Lamotte—"he knows the verdict he obtained made me a beggar, and a beggar who reasons metaphysically will soon be tempted to become an adventurer. I have been what this honorable court made me, and I love to reason like the President."

Mitand, M. Deshoulières' old servant, was

called into the court, and asked if he had ever seen Lamotte. He was hardly recovered from the injuries he had received in the fire, but he took his oath, and answered in the affirmative distinctly. Being desired to say where, he said, "In a gardener's dress in a house in the suburb of St. Madelaine, and on the night of the marriage."

The accuser's advocate now related all the circumstances of Mademoiselle Deshoulières's visit to a house without inhabitants, where she had been robbed of a valuable diamond. A pawnbroker appeared to testify that he had received from Felix Lamotte, the ring identified as Therese's, and several witnesses proved the billet to be his handwriting.

"You should also remember," added Lamotte, looking sternly at the pawnbroker, "what account I gave you of that ring. I told you I had found it among the shrubs under the wall of an empty hut, adjoining Deshoulières's garden. My necessity forced me to sell it for bread. Had you been honest, and able to resist a tempting bargain, you would have carried it back to the owner."

"Notwithstanding this undaunted tone," said the procurer, "the prisoner's motive and purpose are evident. Vengeance was the incitement—plunder was to have been the end. To unite both, he has fabricated letters, outraged an unprotected lady, and introduced devastation and death into the house of his benefactor, in hopes to seize some part of the rich paraphernalia prepared for his bride. He hated his benefactor, because undeserved favors are wounds: he injured him, because he could not endure to be forgiven and forgotten."

"I have no defence to make," resumed Lamotte, "for the faults of my youth have risen against me. You would not believe me if I should swear that I did not rob Therese, that I wrote no billets to decoy her, that I came into the vestibule of her father's house only to be a spectator of her bridal fete. I lodged in the hut of the gardener's widow, and unhappily complied when she solicited me to write petitions for the aid of the bishop of Beauvais and M. Deshoulières' daughter. This woman and her family removed suddenly, and I am the victim."

"Man," said M. Deshoulières, stretching out his arms with rage of agony, "this is most false. The treacherous billet was written and brought by thy own hand, and here is another charging me to watch and witness my daughter's visit?"

"Well!" returned the prisoner coldly, "and what was my crime? If I thought the marriage ill-suited, and without love on the lady's part, was I to blame if I gave her an interview with her first lover? The bishop of Beauvais can tell us whether such interviews are dangerous."

"Let him be silenced!" interposed the intendant-general; "this scandal is sacrilege both to the living and the dead. If we had any doubt of his guilt, his malignity has subdued it."

The votes of the judges were collected without farther hearing, and their sentence was almost unanimous. Felix was pronounced guilty, and condemned to perpetual labor in the galleys; a decree which the president heard without regret, but his brother with secret horror when he remembered that Therese might not have spoken

truth to her father—yet he respected her memory fondly; and fear to wound it, more than his own honor, had induced him to give no public evidence. But he had satisfied his conscience by revealing all that concerned himself to the intendant-general, who saw too much baseness in Lamotte's character, to consider it any extenuation of his guilt. Lamotte was led to the galleys, a victim to his revengeful spirit; and the president was invited by his sovereign to resume that seat in the parliament of Dijon which he had vacated so nobly.

Fifteen years passed after this tragical event, and its traces had begun to fade. The father of Therese was dead, and his faithful servant lived in the gardener's house on an ample annuity given to him for his zeal in attempting to save her life. The president, weary of considering himself a widower, chose another bride, and prevailed on his brother to emerge from his retirement and bless his marriage. Another fete was prepared almost equal to the first; but perhaps a kind of superstitious fear was felt by all who remembered the preceding. The bishop retired to his chamber very early, and the bridal party were seated in whispering solemnity, when the door opened slowly, and a figure clothed in white walked into the centre. Its soundless steps, glazed eyes, and deadly paleness, suited a supernatural visitor; and when approaching the bride, it drew the ring from her finger, her shriek was echoed by half the spectators. At that shriek the ghostly intruder started, dropped the ring, and would have fallen, if the president's arms had not opened to prevent it. He saw his brother's sleep had been so powerfully agitated as to cause this unconscious entry among his guests; and conducting him back to his chamber, waited till his faculties were collected. "Brother," said the bishop, "it seems as if Providence rebuked my secrecy, and my vain attempt to believe that opportunity and temptation cannot prevail over long habits of good, and be dangerous to the firmest." Then, after a painful pause, he told the president his secret interview with Therese, his resolution to take back the ring, and the failure of his resolution. He explained how long and deeply this scene had dwelt on his imagination, how keenly it had heightened his interest in the trial of Lamotte; and, finally, with how much force it had been revived by the second marriage-day of his brother. "And now," continued the bishop, "I may tell you that its hold on my dreaming fancy may have been lately strengthened by an event which I wished to suppress till after this day, lest it should damp the present by renewing your regret for the past. Only a few hours since, I was summoned once more to that fatal house in the suburb to see a dying sinner. I found old Mitand on his death-bed. He told me that he could no longer endure the horrible recollections which your wedding-day brought. He reminded me of his attempt to reach Therese's room when full of flames. At that moment no thought but her preservation had entered his mind; but he found her on the brink of the burning staircase with her casket of jewels in her hand. Miserable Therese! she had thought too fondly of the baubles; and he, swayed by a sudden, an undistinguishing, and insane impulse, seized the casket,

not the hand that held it, and she sank. In the same instant his better self returned—all his habits of fidelity to his master, of love to his young mistress—but they came too late. He had thrust his dreadful prize under his woollen wrapper—it remained there undiscovered, while shame, horror, and remorse, prevented him confessing his guilt. He buried it under the threshold of the garden house which his master gave him with a mistaken gratitude that heaped coals of fire on his head. There it has remained with the locks untouched for fifteen years, and from thence he wishes you to remove it, when you can resolve to speak peace to a penitent."

Mitand died before morning, and the president's first act was to place this awful evidence of human frailty on the records of the parliament. Their decree against Felix Lamotte was not revoked, as its justice remained unquestionable in the chief points of his guilt: but the fatal influence of temptation over Mitand, and the bishop of Beauvais was a warning more tremendous than his punishment.

CEMETERY OF MONT LOUIS.

OR, PÈRE LA CHAISE.

THIS celebrated burial-place was originally denominated *Champ l'Evêque*, but consisted only of six acres. In the 14th century, Regnaud, a rich grocer, enchanted with its beautiful scenery and noble prospects, selected it as the site of a mansion, so superb, that it was deemed by many too splendid for the rank of its proprietor, and soon acquired the name of Regnaud's folly.

In 1626 it fell into the hands of the Jesuits, and according to tradition, it was from this place that Louis XIV., when a child, witnessed the battle in the Faubourg St. Antoine, July 2d, 1652, which was given by Marshal Turenne, the commander of the royal army, in honor of the great Condé, who was then chief of the Slingers. Hence this spot derived the name of *Mont Louis*, which it still retains. For its second and more general appellation of *Père la Chaise*, it is indebted to the following circumstances:

Père la Chaise, one of the Jesuits to whom the estate belonged, was in 1675 appointed confessor to Louis XIV., who became his ardent patron, and gave him the control of the ecclesiastical affairs of the kingdom. This, added to the office with which he was already invested, occupied him so intensely, that occasional retirement became necessary; and the king wishing to offer him some mark of his approbation, presented him with the estate of Mont Louis. The house was built on an enlarged scale, the grounds were extended, and the gardens furnished with every thing calculated to please the eye, or gratify the taste.

After the death of Père la Chaise, Mont Louis was occupied as a country-house by the Jesuits, and became the scene of their numerous intrigues. The revocation of the edict of Nantes is said to have been projected at this place, and hence were issued many of the *lettres de cachet* which consigned the enemies of the Jesuits to imprisonment.

In 1763, when the order of the Jesuits was

abolished in France, Mont Louis was ordered to be sold for the benefit of the creditors. It was afterward inhabited by numerous proprietors, who followed each other in rapid succession, as the expense of such an establishment soon swallowed up the whole of a slender fortune, and materially diminished the most wealthy. It was finally purchased by the Prefect of the Seine, and laid out in 1804, as a cemetery, under the direction of M. Brongniart.

The house of Père la Chaise has since been taken down, and a chapel erected on its site. Traces of the ditch which surrounded it are yet visible, and the water which still continues to flow by a subterranean channel, is used by the gardener for moistening the shrubs around the tombs.

The cemetery of Père la Chaise is situated on the east side of Paris, at the extremity of the Boulevards, near the Barrière d'Aulnay. It is the largest of the cemeteries in the vicinity of the French metropolis, and now contains from eighty to one hundred acres, pleasingly diversified by hill, plain, and valley. The irregularity of the ground renders it extremely picturesque, and its beauty is still further increased by the gloomy foliage of its cypress-trees, shading tombs of every form. Few situations command so extensive and varied a prospect. On the west is seen the whole of Paris; on the south, Bicetre and Meudon; on the east, the plain of St. Mandé, Montreuil, Vincennes, and the banks of the Marne; and on the north, Belleville and Montmartre.

The cemetery contains three kinds of graves: 1st. The *Fosses Communes*, or public graves, four and a half feet deep, in which the poor are buried gratuitously in coffins placed close to each other. These are re-opened every five years, that time being quite sufficient in this soil to decompose the bodies. 2d. The temporary graves, which, on the payment of fifty francs, are held for ten years, but must be given up at the end of that term, although monuments may have been erected over them. 3d. The perpetual graves, which are purchased at two hundred and fifty francs per metre, and over which perpetual monuments may be erected. The temporary graves may be made perpetual by purchase previous to the expiration of the ten years, and the fifty francs originally paid are then deducted from the purchase-money.

The first funeral took place May 21, 1804, and since that period more than 150,000 persons have been buried here, exclusive of those from the hospitals. Many of the tombs are distinguished for their architectural beauty, and others contain the remains of men who delighted the world by their writings, instructed it by their wisdom, and embellished it by their genius.

The entrance to the cemetery is situated in the centre of a semicircular recess, and is adorned with cippi and funeral ornaments. Over the gate is this inscription:

SCIO ENIM QUOD REDEMPTOR
MEUS VIVIT ET IN
NOVISSIMO DIE DE TERRA
SURRECTURUS SUM.

Job, xix. 25.

On the right side is inscribed,
QUI CREDIT IN ME
ETIAM SI MORTUUS
FUERIT VIVET.

Joan. xi. 25.

And on the left,
SPES ILLORUM
IMMORTALITATE
PLENA EST.

Sapient. iii. 4.

Beyond the gate is an open space between two avenues, to the right of which is the house of the keeper, the porter's lodge and stonemason's workshops. To the left are the *fosses communes*, or public graves, and in front appears the chapel. A small space to the right of the porter's lodge, is appropriated to the burial of Jews, but the whole of the other part of this extensive cemetery is devoted to the interment of persons of all ranks and all religions.

The chapel is a neat building surmounted by a cross of white marble, and illuminated by a window in the centre of the roof. It is fifty-six feet long, twenty-eight broad, and fifty-six in height. The level ground in front of this building commands a fine view.

It would require weeks to notice all the tombs in this delightful spot.

The most interesting monument is the tomb of *Abelard and Heloise*, which is situated to the right of the entrance near the Jews' burial-ground. This tomb actually contains the ashes of the two lovers.

Abelard died at the Priory of St. Marcel de Chalons sur Saone, April 21, 1142, and was buried there. In November following, Pierre de Cluni caused his body to be clandestinely removed, and sent to Heloise, at the Paraclete. She placed the coffin of her lover in a chapel which he had constructed there.

Heloise expired on Sunday the 17th of May, 1163, and her body was deposited in the coffin of her husband, agreeably to her own directions. In 1497, this coffin was removed from the chapel, and transferred into the great church of the monastery; but the bones of the two bodies were separated, and two tombs were erected, one on each side the choir. In 1630, Marie de la Rochefoucauld directed them to be placed in the part called the *Chapel of the Trinity*; and, in 1766, Madame Roye de la Rochefoucauld projected a new monument in honor of the two lovers, but it was not erected till after her death, in 1779. This monument was composed of the group of the Trinity, which had been sculptured by order of Abelard, and of a base on which was inscribed the following epitaph, said to have been written by Marmontel:

Hic :
Sub eodem marmore jacent
Hujus Monasterii
Conditor Petrus Abelardus
Et abbatissa prima Heloisa.
Olim studiis, ingenio, amore, infaustis nuptiis
Et penitentia,
Nunc æterna, quod speramus, felicitate
Conjuncti.
Petrus obiit XX. prima Aprilis, anno 1142,
Heloisa XVII. Maii, 1163.
Curis Carolæ de Roncey Paraclete abbatissæ,
1779.

The monument now in Père la Chaise is a Gothic chapel formed out of the ruins of the celebrated Abbey of Paraclete, by M. Lenoir, and

originally placed in the internal court of the Museum of French Monuments. Its form is a parallelogram fourteen feet by eleven, and its height is twenty-four feet. A pinnacle twelve feet in height, rises from the centre of the roof, and four smaller pinnacles ornament the corners. Fourteen columns, each six feet in height, and adorned with rich capitals, support ten arches, surmounted by worked cornices. The principal pediment contains two busts and a bas-relief, divided into three parts: the centre represents Mount Calvary; the left, Abelard in his monastic dress; and the right, an angel holding in his arms the soul of Abelard. The opposite pediment presents a bas-relief of Abelard's funeral, and two roses; and the other two pediments are adorned with roses.

In this chapel is placed the tomb built for Abelard by Peter the Venerable, at the Priory of St. Marcel. He is represented in a recumbent posture, and at his side is the statue of Heloise. The bas-reliefs round the sarcophagus represent the fathers of the church, and there are inscriptions referring to the erection and removal of the monument.

Our engraving gives a view on an eminence called the *Carré Massena*. On the left is seen a monument of that celebrated general, consisting of a lofty pyramid, bearing his name, his medalion by Bosio, the time of his death, and the titles of his four principal victories. Contiguous to it, is a superb sarcophagus of white marble, in memory of *Marshal Lefebvre, duke of Dantzick*; each side of the principal front is adorned with figures of Fame crowning the profile of the Marshal, and beneath is an inscription containing his title and the names of the places at which he distinguished himself.

Beyond this tomb, on the right, is that of the *Duc de Decrès*, formerly Minister of the Marine: it bears considerable resemblance to the monument of *Lefebvre*, but is composed of stone, and is adorned on each side with a ship.

Not far from Massena's tomb is the grave of Talma.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

"For, my revenges were bent high upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot."

It was in the summer of 1780, at the close of a sabbath day, that the inhabitants of a retired farm house in Georgia assembled at their evening repast. The venerable farmer, the widow of his son, and her only daughter, a blooming girl of sixteen, comprised the little circle. "I should like," said the old man, "to know where our young soldier is now." Tears and blushes appeared at once on the countenance of Kate, and when the mother fervently exclaimed, "God preserve him," she could not restrain her sobs; for it was of her cousin Leonard, her betrothed husband, that they spoke. "Out with your tears, baby face," cried her grandsire, cheerfully; "he will come home to you soon, nothing less than a captain. What! would you have him stay at home at such a time; ah! if I felt not the aches of seventy in my limbs, or could I shake from my gray head a score of years, I would not be

now sitting in the chimney corner." Kate smiled at her sire's earnestness. She handed him the Bible and his spectacles, and having listened to the evening portion, and joined in the fervent prayer, the peaceful family retired to rest.

The dwelling of John Cammel was situated on the side of a hill, at the foot of which ran a deep narrow stream that watered the valley. On the bank of this stream terminated the boundary of the farm, and the vale beyond was mostly a thick wood, where some new settlers had begun to clear small portions of the ground. The huts of these people were the only dwellings within some miles of Cammel's house, which was rendered the more retired by the thick shade of the numerous trees which grew around it. It was built in the plain style, most suitable to a farmer; consisting of one story, divided into a parlor and three sleeping apartments where the inmates lodged. The servants belonging immediately to the house, occupied the loft above; while the negroes who tilled the farm had their own cottages on the other side of the hill, nearly two miles from the dwelling. Kate and her mother slept in the back room, whose windows looked on the path which wound along the brow of the hill, as it led to the house. It was midnight, and she had sunk into an uneasy slumber, when she was startled from it by the indistinct sound of smothered voices. Unsuspicious of evil, and unwilling to awake her mother, she rose, and gently opened the window; she leaned out and listened; all was silent, and she saw nothing but the tall trees that stood smiling in the moonlight. She was withdrawing, when she suddenly perceived something gleam among the thick foliage of the old willow, whose branches trailed to the ground. She fixed her eye upon it—the breeze gently waved the leaves—it was a bayonet which glanced in the moonbeam. At the same instant she saw one of the negroes running toward the house—"Shut the window," he cried, perceiving her: "the British are here." A mortal wound from a musket prevented his concluding. Kate had heard enough; she attempted to bar the shutters, but ere she could effect it, she heard the report of a gun, and felt its burning contents in her bosom. Darkness came over her; and for some moments she lay insensible. The fresh air which blew from the window on her face, revived her; she crept to the bed to seek her mother, but it was empty; and the sound of men's footsteps, deep execrations, and horrid mirth, struck her with terror. Amidst the noise and tumult, she distinguished the voice of her faithful nurse, calling from the upper window, and entreating her to come to the loft; "Quick, quick," repeated the woman. Kate rose, and with difficulty walked to the door. It was but to cross the hall and she would reach the stairs of the garret. She entered the hall, and was hastening through it, when she saw the inanimate body of a man lying across a chair. Another glance told her that it was her aged parent. She lingered one instant—but that instant decided her fate. The door of the parlor was opened, and an officer, with several soldiers, rushed into the hall. Approaching the affrighted girl, he addressed her in coarse and jeering terms. She sunk on her knees, and attempted to supplicate his mercy; he rudely grasped her arm, when

extreme fear, combining with the agonies of her wound, burst the strings of life, and she expired at his touch. The officer threw her stiffening form from him, with an exclamation of horror, and giving some orders to his men, they quitted the house. But there was one who had been a trembling witness to his brutality; who had marked his countenance, as for a moment he stood with his head uncovered, and had heard the name by which his soldiers addressed him. The old negro, the husband of Kate's nurse, had ventured to descend the stairs to seek the ill-fated girl, and had partly unclosed the door which shut him from the hall, when he beheld her situation, without the power of affording her assistance. He now hastened to raise her, and observing the blood which flowed from her bosom, he called to his wife to aid him in carrying her to the loft. But the volumes of smoke which burst forth from every part of the house, announced that the marauders had finished their dreadful errand. While the nurse supported the cold form of her foster child, the old man stole out to observe the motions of the enemy. They were marching silently up the hill, and the faithful servants, with their lifeless burden, fearfully descended to the stream, and crossing over a rough bridge, they followed the narrow path which brought them in safety to the cottage of a young farmer, who readily opened his door to them.

Leonard Cammel had entered the army a private soldier, but his merit soon gained him promotion. He had just received a lieutenant's commission, and was appointed, in conjunction with myself, then of the same rank, to conduct an expedition, the plan of which was unfolded to us by Colonel Clarke, our immediate commander. As a mark of favor, Leonard was permitted to stop at Cammel's farm for two hours, to see and converse with his friends. I could not but envy his feelings as I looked on his glowing cheek and sparkling eye, and joined in his bright anticipations. At length we arrived at the farm, and entered the road which led to the place of Leonard's nativity. As we ascended a high hill, Leonard looked round, and turning pale, said, "I do not see the house." We put the spur to our horses, and another moment brought us before the black and smoking ruin. The house was burnt to the ground, and some of the finest trees had shared its fate. The garden, which even in its desolation seemed to own a woman's taste, was trampled, and its flowers were crushed. A bower, which had been shaded by the white roses of the luxuriant multiflora, was leveled with the earth; yet the flowers still reared their pale heads, and perfumed the morning air. "This is not the effect of accident," exclaimed Leonard, leaning against a tree, as if stunned by the shock, while the soldiers vented their anger in oaths and threats of vengeance. "Where shall we seek your family?" I inquired. "Not on earth, I fear," answered Leonard; yet the eagerness with which he led the way till we came to the cottage, showed that he still cherished hope. The old nurse was sitting at the entrance of the hut as we approached; at sight of Leonard, she wrung her hands, and weeping bitterly, cried, "you have come too late." "Where is Kate and my grandfather?" was Leonard's eager inquiry; and without wait-

ing her answer, he rushed into the house. I followed him, and beheld stretched on the bed the lifeless form of a young female; her white arms were crossed on her bosom—her beautiful features were not only convulsed by the agony of death, but of mortal terror—and her long brown hair, which flowed over her form, was in some places clotted with blood. It was only by speaking of revenge, and urging the imperious calls of duty, that I was enabled to tear the wretched youth from the corpse of his murdered love. Before he departed, he ascertained the name of the officer who had commanded these fiends. I was not surprised when the negro, after detailing the whole scene, mentioned the name of G—. "You will easily know him," he continued, "by a scar which covers his cheek." "I shall know him," said Leonard, bitterly; and his deportment then changed from deep dejection to a fierce and feverish eagerness of manner. We were successful in our errand, and after a few days absence rejoined Colonel Clarke. One morning, as I was sitting alone, Leonard came to my tent, his face lighted up with a joyful, but ferocious expression. Before I could speak, he exclaimed, "have you heard the order; we are to attack fort G—." "Who defends it?" I asked. "Who? G—." Alarmed at his fierceness, I said, "What do you think of, my friend?" Grasping his sword, while his brow crimsoned with rage, he replied, "Of the smoking ruin and stiff corpse that I left behind me." Colonel G— was obliged to surrender to our superior force. As at the head of his men he walked from the fort between the ranks of his conqueror, a musket ball whistled through the air; it was aimed by an unerring hand, and G— fell to the ground, a dead man. Although every exertion was used, it was never discovered who was the murderer. I dared not question Leonard, but the calm sternness of his countenance spoke of satisfied revenge. Once I ventured to deplore the event as a stain upon our honor. "Would he had died in battle; he had trusted to our faith; he was unarmed; to harm him then was faithless and unmerciful." "He showed her no mercy," said Leonard, in a voice which made me shudder.

EXAMINING A WITNESS.

Our young lawyers are a surprising set of geniuses, and when they do get a client, it is amusing to see with what a nibble and then a hearty bite they take hold. Here, now, is a specimen of legal acuteness in examining a witness, which goes to prove the tact of that much abused, misrepresented, intelligent and honest class of persons. Imagine the stern dignity of the counsellor's phisomy as he calls out and proceeds:

Counsellor. Call John Tompkins.

Witness. Here! (is sworn.)

Look this way—what's your name?

John Tompkins.

John Tompkins, eh! And pray, John Tompkins, what do you know about this affair?

As I was going up Chatham street—

Stop, stop! not quite so fast, John Tompkins. When was you going up Chatham street?

On Friday, the 4th of July.

Oh, oh! Friday, the 4th of July. And pray how came you to know that it was Friday, the National Independence—warm—chasers—soldiers—egg nog—

You have a good memory, John Tompkins: you pretend to remember your walking up Chat-ham street on the 4th of July.

Yes, Sir, I remember it as if it was but yesterday.

And pray, now, what makes you remember it so very well?

I was going to fetch a midwife.

Stop there, if you please. Gentlemen of the jury, please to attend to this. So, John Tompkins, you, a hale, hearty man, were going to fetch a midwife. Now, answer me directly—look this way, Sir—what could you possibly want with a midwife?

I wanted to fetch her to a neighbor's wife who was ill a-bed.

A neighbor's wife! What, then, you have no wife of your own?

No, Sir.

Recollect yourself; you say you have no wife of your own.

No, Sir; I never had a wife.

None of your quibbles, friend; I did not ask you if you ever had a wife. I ask you if you have now a wife; and you say no.

Yes, Sir; and I say truth.

Yes, Sir! and no, Sir! and you say truth! we shall soon find that out. And was there nobody to fetch a midwife but you?

No, my neighbor lay ill himself.

What! did he want a midwife too? (*a loud laugh.*)

He lay ill of a fever; and so I went to serve him.

No doubt, you are a very serviceable fellow in your way. But pray, now, after you had fetched the midwife, where did you go?

I went to call upon a friend.

Hold: what time in the day was this?

About seven o'clock in the evening.

It was quite daylight, was it not?

Yes, Sir; it was a fine summer evening.

What! is it always daylight in a summer evening?

I believe so (*smiling.*)

No laughing, Sir, if you please; this is too serious a matter for levity. What did you do when you went to call upon a friend?

He asked me to take a walk; and when we were walking, we heard a great noise—

You are sure it was a noise you heard?—mark, gentlemen of the jury.

Yes, quite sure.

And where was this?

In the street.

Pray attend, Sir—I don't ask you whether it was in the street—I ask in what street?

I don't know the name of the street, but it turns down from—

Now, Sir, upon your oath, do you say you don't know the name of the street?

No, I don't.

Did you never hear it?

I may have heard it, but I can't say I remember it.

Do you always forget what you have heard?

I don't know that I ever heard it; but I may have heard, and forgot it.

Well, Sir, perhaps we may fall upon a way to make you remember it.

I don't know, Sir; I would tell it if I knew it.

Oh! to be sure you would; you are remarkably communicative. Well, you heard a noise, and I suppose you went to see it too.

Yes; we went the house where it came from.

So! it came from a house; and pray what kind of a house?

The Cock and Bottle; a public house.

The Cock and Bottle! why I never heard of such a house. Pray what has a cock to do with a bottle?

I can't tell; that is the sign.

Well, and what passed then?

We went in, to see what was the matter, and the prisoner there—

Where?

Him at the bar, there: I know him very well.

You know him? how came you to know him?

We worked journeywork together once; and I remember him very well.

So, your memory returns: you can't tell the name of the street, but you know the name of the public house, and you know the prisoner at the bar. You are a pretty fellow! And pray what was the prisoner doing?

When I saw him, he was—

When you saw him! Did I ask you what he was doing when you did not see him?

I understood he had been fighting.

Give us none of your understandings—tell us what you saw.

He was drinking some Hollands and water.

Are you sure it was Hollands and water?

Yes; he asked me to drink with him, and I just put it to my lips.

No doubt you did, and I dare say did not take it soon from them. But now, Sir, recollect you are upon oath—look at the jury, Sir—upon your oath, will you aver that it was Hollands and water?

Yes, it was.

What, was it not plain gin?

No, the landlord said it was Hollands.

Oh! now we shall come to the point—the landlord said? Do you believe everything the landlord of the Cock and Bottle says?

I don't know him well enough.

Pray what religion are you of?

I am a Protestant.

Do you believe in a future state?

Yes.

Then what passed after you drank the Hollands and water?

I heard there had been a fight, and a man killed; and I said, "Oh! Robert, I hope you have not done this;" and he shook his head.

Shook his head! and what did you understand by that?

Sir!

I say what did you understand by his shaking his head?

I can't say.

Can't tell! Can't you tell what a man means when he shakes his head?

He said nothing.

Said nothing! I don't ask you what he said.
What did you say?

What did I say?

Don't repeat my words, fellow; but come to the point at once. Did you see the dead man?

Yes, he lay in the next room.

And how came he to be dead?

There had been a fight, as I said before.

I don't want you to repeat what you said before.

There had been a fight between him and the—

Speak up, his honor don't hear you—can't you raise your voice?

There had been a fight between him and the prisoner—

Stop there—pray when did this fight begin?

I can't tell exactly; it might be an hour before. The man was quite dead.

And so he might if the fight had been a month before: that was not what I asked you. Did you see the fight?

No, it was over before we came in.

We!—what we?

I and my friend.

Well, and it was over, and you saw nothing?

No.

Gem'men of the jury, you'll please attend to this; he positively swears he saw nothing of the fight. Pray, Sir, how was it that you saw nothing of the fight?

Because it was over before I entered the house, as I said before.

No repetitions, friend. Was there any fighting after you entered?

No, all was quiet.

Quiet! You just now said you heard a noise—you and your precious friend.

Yes, we heard a noise—

Speak up, can't you? and don't hesitate so.

The noise was from the people crying and lamenting—

Don't look to me, look to the jury. Well, crying and lamenting.

Crying and lamenting that it happened; and all blaming the dead man.

Blaming the dead man! why I should have thought him the most quiet of the whole—(another laugh.) But what did they blame him for?

Because he struck the prisoner several times without any cause.

Did you see him strike the prisoner?

No; but I was told—

We don't ask you what you was told—what did you see?

I saw no more than I have told you.

Then why do you come here to tell us what you heard?

I only wanted to give the reason why the company blamed the deceased

Oh! we have nothing to do with your reasons or theirs either.

No, Sir, I don't say you have.

Now, Sir, remember you are upon oath; you set out with fetching a midwife; I presume you now went for an undertaker?

No, I did not.

No! that is surprising; such a friendly man.

I wonder the prisoner did not employ you.

No, I went away soon after.

And what induced you to go away?

It became late, and I could do no good.

I dare say you could not: and so you come here to do good, don't you?

I hope I have done no harm—I have spoken like an honest man—I don't know anything more of the matter.

Nay, I sha'n't trouble you farther—(witness retires, but is called again.) Pray, Sir, what did the prisoner drink his Hollands and water out of?

A pint tumbler.

A pint tumbler! what! a rummer?

I don't know—it was a glass that holds a pint.

Are you sure it holds a pint?

I believe so.

Ay, when it is full, I suppose—You may go your ways, John Tompkins. A pretty hopeful fellow, that.

M A R I A N A.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

"Mariana in the moated grange."

With blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all,
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch,
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said:
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried,
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the fitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement curtain by,
And glanced across the glooming flats.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said:
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the nightfowl crow;
The cock sung out an hour ere light;
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her, without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said:
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

About a stonecast from the wall,
A sluice with blackened waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marsh-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with knarled bark,
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said:
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up an' away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd,
The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd through the doors,
Old footsteps trode the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loath'd the hour
When the thick-moated sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Downsloped was westering in his tower.
Then, said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said;
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead!"

THE SOLEMN CELEBRATION.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

It was a great—a momentous day to our country. The storm of her revolution had gathered in its elements. Dark clouds on every side, rolling up from the wrongs of an oppressed people to the skies, had closed at the zenith; and the blackness of our political heavens cast a fearful gloom upon the earth.

Then, on that memorable Nineteenth of April, the first dread thunderbolt of battle burst suddenly over the plain of Lexington, to leave it irrigated by a crimson shower! The temple of the prince of peace was shaken and shattered by the din of war, and became at once a place of refuge and of ambush to soldiers armed for liberty or death.

He whose office it was to minister to the sacred altar, looked forth from his dwelling, and saw the way of his quiet walk from his own door to the sanctuary turned into the theatre of a most wondrous and awful tragedy—the infant blades of the early spring grass baptized in the name of freedom with the life-blood of the lambs of his care. And the grass then shooting up throughout the land was not mown till it had carpeted a free soil. That patriotic pastor beheld the first grand sacrifice to American liberty slain from among his own little village flock! And there they lay on the green turf before him; some in the mortal agony, and of others, the yet warm but breath-

less clay, just left by the spirits which he had labored to train for heaven, as they sprang up into the presence of the Lord of Hosts, invoking aid for their struggling country, and appealing with her cause to the high court above, the earliest there in her behalf.

The pale remains of these magnanimous soldier patriots were hastily borne from the field of their martyrdom by their sorrowing friends, and with no other shroud than the gory garments in which they died, laid side by side in one rude receptacle; and thus cemented together by their clotted life-streams, as their hearts had been by the cause in which they were poured out, committed to a common grave. There, shoulder to shoulder, as they had stood in battle, they slept undisturbed through the lapse of three-score years. They sighed no more for liberty—no more they heard the clang of arms or the groans of their dying brethren. They heard not the shout of freedom as it rent the air, nor the sound of the sword being beaten into the ploughshare, and the spear to the pruning-hook, in their beloved land. They saw not how proudly and how fondly a vigorous young American eagle was hanging in the blue ether deep above their bed of earth, with his warm plummy breast to them, his eye drinking at the sun, and his wings outspread to span the globe.

A few years ago these remains were exhumed, to be, on the sixtieth anniversary of the battle, entombed with military honors, in a vault—a new tomb prepared for them by the inhabitants of Lexington, beneath a monument which marks the spot where they fell. They were gathered into one rich sarcophagus, inscribed with all their names, and taking a long leave of their open grave, borne with solemn pomp from beside it in the cemetery to the church hard by, with Columbia's star-spangled banner spread over them for the first—the last time, and there placed in the aisle, before a great cloud of witnesses raining tears at the affecting sight.

Never before did mortal remains return from the dark chambers of the dead into the light of day with so truly pious and magnificent a welcome, or to occasion such a tide of new and powerful emotion as suddenly overwhelmed every heart in that immense assembly, on beholding these lugubrious evidences come back, after sixty years' repose, to attest to the longing, the sighing, the burning desire of the spirits that once animated them for the rights which they never obtained.

Yet it was not mourning—it was not sorrow, nor pain from sympathy with present or recent suffering, that melted the beholders. It was a mysterious, irresistible power, penetrating every breast with a deep, realizing sense never felt before, of the price of peril, agony and life, at which the blessings of freedom were purchased by our fathers for our inheritance. It was a feeling to which not a bosom in the throng had till that moment known itself susceptible. The occasion was unique in the world's annals, and the emotions it caused no less so. The effect of these honored relics on that grand body of people was wondrous, almost as that produced by the bones of the Prophet of Israel on the body of the young man that touched them as it lowered into his sepulchre. They reanimated the material form,

so that it rose up and stood on its feet. But these touched the soul of the beholder, infusing as it were, a new life and power of perception, and bringing over it a solemnity in view of the rights which our fathers sighed and toiled for, and which we may have but too thoughtlessly possessed. There seemed, throughout the crowd, almost a general suspension of breath, as if they had simultaneously imagined the air which we so freely breathe meted out to our ancestors by weight and measure. The presence of these mouldering remains enkindled in the hearts of the spectators a lively gratitude toward those valiant men who achieved our independence, the more intensely glowing, as it now seemed almost too late to bestow it this side of the invisible world. It must be directed, with scarce an earthly medium, to that all-wise Being who has taken to himself so many to whom it was due; that of all that noble army of patriot heroes, we see now only a thin and faded remnant—a few white-haired, trembling, weary pilgrims, lingering here and there, feeble and solitary, on the bleak shore of time, awaiting the barge that is to convey them home.

A small number of these, and some who had belonged to the same company with the fallen in the battle of Lexington, were present at the solemn celebration—each bearing on his breast a badge of that company which had been so closely bound together by the one great cause, when those bosoms were warmed by the fire of youth.

As they tottered near, and their aged eyes looked darkly on their brethren in the coffin, they remembered how they once—how they last had seen them; and, contrasting that day with this, almost ready to cry with the voice in the valley of vision—*Can these dry bones live?*—they, in spirit, turned away the sight from earth and ashes, blessing the promise and the author of a more glorious resurrection.

The funeral oration pronounced over those revered relics before that dignified audience, was by one wisely chosen and well qualified for an occasion so great, so deeply interesting and affecting as no man ever addressed an assembly on before, and none could ever again. While every ear of the vast multitude hung on the eloquent lips of Edward Everett, and every heart felt itself melting at the pathetic story he was telling in his own peculiar, thrilling accents, or enlarged and elevated by the high-toned sentiments he was uttering, so deathlike was the stillness of the house, you could almost hear the drop of the soldier's tear on his glittering armor, as he listened and looked, and beholding what was near him in the aisle, realized that it was for no vain pageant or empty show that he and his company were equipped in military array.

The half-stifed sob of the statesman, too, was detected through the reigning stillness that betrayed the bosom it was shaking, while he considered the sacredness of the charge committed to his trust—the great duties of his office, and viewed himself as a high-priest in the temple of our liberty, with the ark of a nation's rights to protect from the touch of profane or unclean hands.

But the orator had done. The dirge was sung; the benediction was pronounced. The people moved—

As a rich, rare casket filled with gold
And pearls and precious stones,
They took up the coffin dim and cold
With the soldier's names and bones.

Then slowly forth to the battle-ground,
While every mouth was dumb,
They moved to the mournful music's sound
And the bent of the muffled drum.

They reached the place for the honored dead.
The proudest and the best—
The earth that had been their dying bed,
Prepared for their final rest.

Those relics dark from the light they lowered,
Where the bleeding warriors fell,
And volleys three o'er the tomb they poured—
'Twas the soldier's long farewell.

THE LOG OF THE ROVER.

"THE ROVER contains an excellent plate each week, and its literary department is managed with taste. The only thing we dislike is its name."—WEST. LIT. MESS.

Thank you, sir; it is what we have been disliking for some time past; and when the present volume is concluded, among the many improvements that we shall commence the new volume with, we shall attend that it be newly and euphoniously christened, and begin anew with a whole rig of the best "bib and tucker" that we can put on—a clean face and a new apron; and with our volume one, number one, new series, you may depend upon it we shall "mow a wide swarth" with a quick step that will astonish our easy-paced cotemporaries. We have commenced our arrangements, and shall be able to unfold our whole plan in about two weeks.

POSTAGE.—Our subscribers to the country edition who reside within thirty miles of New York, must know by this time that they are entitled to receive it free of postage, as it is but a single sheet folded, without either cover or stitching. This is an important advantage which we have over the monthlies. Our subscribers in such places can do us great favor now, by procuring additional names to our list. We will send six copies one year to any person or club of persons who will remit us five dollars, or for any one remittance of ten dollars we will send thirteen copies. Will our exchanges in such places please notice this, or act for us in the capacity of agents?

AMUSEMENTS.—For an opportunity to pass away a tedious evening, New York possesses superior advantages. If the stranger is lost amid the whirl of excitement, and would seek an hour or two's entertainment in a quiet manner, let him pay an evening's visit to Castle Garden, and lull his spirits by listening to charming music, sipping a julep, or luxuriating over a verben cream, while his fevered temples are cooled by the refreshing sea breeze as it comes whisperingly over the rippling waters of the bay. It is almost a fairy scene to look upon, and as the white sails of a vessel at times gleam in the moonlight, and the dip of oars or the song of boatmen comes upon the ear, they will not fail to convince you that, despite the power of romance, the old world can scarcely furnish a scene of rarer beauty.

TO ARTISTS.—We should like to have an interview with two or three very superior designers on wood. As the advertisements say, "none others need apply."

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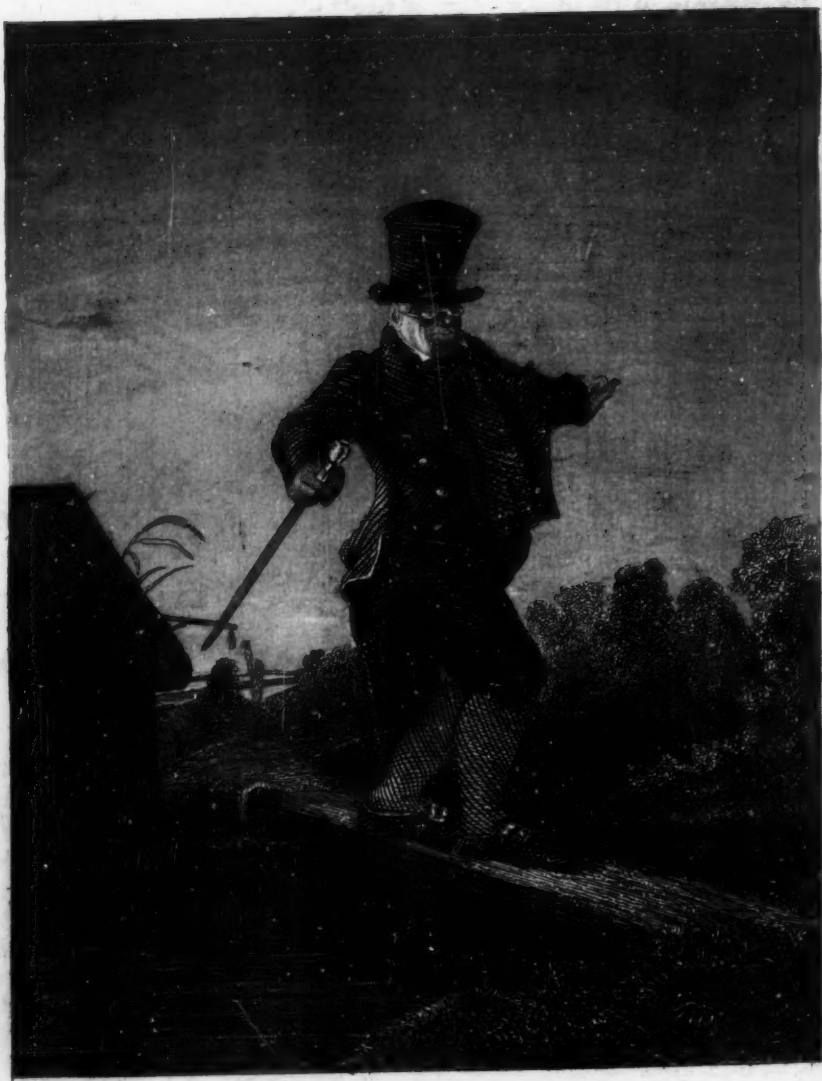
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